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From the Full Heart.

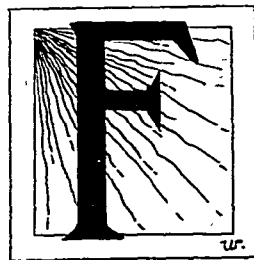
CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

YOU do not wonder that the thrush
Sings all the sunlit day;
The flood of joy o'erflows his heart
And bursts forth in this way.

Thus human hearts, o'errun with joy,
Are powerless as the thrush
To stem the tide's full-sweeping song
And hopes they can not crush.

Ah, let them sing! 'tis but a day
Till all their songs are sung,
And winter winds moan o'er the grave
Where lies their harp,—unstrung.

"Lucky Arrow."



UP the bed of a verdant valley, all alone amid a clump of motionless pine trees, is a weather-stained tent. As it nestles there in repose one would think that it had grown up with them. From its funnel-shaped top roll dark rings of curling smoke. Beside the wigwam sits an old Sachem, whose high cheek bones and large, well-chiselled features suggest a once rugged form. He puffs away at an old clay pipe, his eyes dreamily following the lazy stream of smoke. Before him, squatting on the bare ground, is his grandson,—my "Lucky Arrow,"—he calls him. He is a plump little urchin, his skin tanned to a deep brown, with dark hair and eyes that shine like glistening beads. He is busily engaged with his willow baskets, his little fingers twisting the reeds with all the nimbleness and skill of an experienced worker. His heart and soul are in his work, and he sits there unconsciously humming a familiar Indian ditty.

The above picture I caught on one of my solitary strolls through the valley. There was a charm about it that instinctively attracted me. They lived alone in that part of the valley like two hermits; but they were thoroughly content with their abode, their mode of living, and their all too scanty fare. When I first saw the little fellow, I was inclined to pity what seemed to me his sad lot.

For nine miles below the tent the hills keep close company and then abruptly part to make room for a thriving little town. Following with the eye the river as it threads its way up the sleeping valley, a delightful panorama greets the view.

To this city "Lucky Arrow" was accustomed to tramp occasionally with his bundle of baskets strapped to his back, and was always far on his journey ere the sun had attempted to brighten the way. The thought of selling the wares his own tiny fingers had made, brought joy to his heart. Strange, he would never return without his small leather pouch well filled with those blessed copper and even silver coins. He had all the tact and winning tricks necessary to make quickly a very good bargain, and seldom did he return with a basket.

Just above "Lucky Arrow's" home, between the two hills which stand there sentinel-like, hangs a large lake, whose treacherous waters are confined by a massive breastwork, stretching like the wall of a fortress across the deep valley.

It was an unusually wet spring that year. For some days rain had been falling continuously, swelling the lake and the river below far beyond their ordinary capacity. Nevertheless, the earth seemed grateful to the warm rains, for the grass peeped out and the buds of the early flowers unfolded their petals to welcome the showers.

But soon a dark and very rainy day came with all the cheerlessness and gloom one

can imagine. The ominous black clouds hung threateningly over the whole valley. The river continued to rise far above its natural bed until the waters rushed riotously over the whole city. The people were compelled to take refuge in the upper stories of their dwellings and wait there till the water should subside. Every spring they were thus disturbed, but this witnessed an unusual scene. Portable things could be seen floating between the houses, and even small trees, uprooted by the flood, followed aimlessly the course of the water. All these things seemed to portend worse disasters. Fear drove the people almost frantic.

It was reported in the city that the lake was full to the brim, and that the water was already breaking through the mighty breast-work. They knew what an awful catastrophe was before them. In their desperation they wondered whether it were safer to remain in their homes, hoping against hope, or boat their way to the hills.

The lake did break and poured in a mighty volume down the valley. In vain the doomed inhabitants tried to escape, for the flood came upon them with irresistible force and swept to death all in its way, and those who survived had a sad tale to tell. Many there were who had parted forever with those who were near and dear to them. Many a mother's tears fell on the little plot where the "unknown" were interred, thinking, perhaps, they might help to consecrate the last resting-place of her ill-fated son. Numbers of the unknown dead could be seen stretched out along the streets. They were left thus in hopes that they might be identified and buried by their own. Among the dead, but not unknown, lay the cold, bespattered form of a little Indian boy. Strapped to his back was a bundle of willow baskets, and in his tightly-clinched hand was a small leather pouch containing only a few coppers. He had made few sales that sad day, for the flood had caught poor "Lucky Arrow" in his flight.

A. W. STENGER, '05.

Now and Then.

When robins sing in the budding spring,
The farmer struts about,

A sage:

Their lusty pipe, when the cherry's ripe,
Will turn him inside out.

With rage.

A. J. D.

The Art of Debating.

No subject in our curriculum demanding an equal amount of time has a higher educational value than debating. Whether we view it from the standpoint of mental discipline or utility, its value is unsurpassed. The selection of the cardinal points in any complicated question, and the rejection of the minor and irrelevant details is a severe test of judgment. This can be done only after a careful and extended reading of both sides of the question. Throughout this reading, all facts, inferences and analogies which might serve as available material, are noted either mentally or with the pencil.

The material gathered and the main lines of argument determined upon, you are prepared to begin writing the positive arguments. When you have developed the two or three propositions with what seems the greatest brevity compatible with conclusiveness, you find, perhaps, that you have a fifteen or twenty-minute speech to be delivered in ten minutes. To reduce this speech by half and at the same time preserve the integrity of the argument, tests to the utmost one's mastery of his language.

When a sound argument is written and reduced to the required length, but half the work is done. Then comes the oral presentation; for no matter how convincing his argument or how clear and forcible his style, if the debater fails in delivery, he fails utterly. The delivery of an argument is quite like the throwing of a stone: just as a small stone thrown hard acquires the same momentum as a stone twice as large thrown with half the force, so a relatively weak argument presented with great earnestness is more effective than a much stronger argument poorly delivered. To deliver a manifestly weak argument with great energy is to make oneself more or less ridiculous; to deliver a good argument poorly is useless; but to be able to present effectively a convincing argument is to be a successful debater.

Is the training derived from practice in debating useful? Aside from the fact that in going through a series of four or five debates, now on one side of the question and now on the other, a large store of useful information is acquired, while the effort to get a clear understanding of the matter under discussion has a telling effect on one's power to grasp

and to master thoroughly many other questions.

Again, we are all debaters. The boy of five years tries to convince his father that he needs a penny, and uses all his powers of persuasion to get it. A few years later, he must argue his point cleverly on the football, the baseball field and in the class-room. The girls, the wives and the mothers, all have causes of their own to urge, and are often very ready and crushing in rebuttal. The lawyer labors to convince the jury that his client has the stronger position and to persuade them to return a verdict in his favor. The statesman endeavors to demonstrate to the electors that his policy is the most deserving of their support, and appeals for their votes. The pastor teaches his flock the true nobility of the Christian life. His pleadings, his earnest exhortations to induce them to lead such a life, make up the greater part of his preaching. The toiler reasons with and urges his demands upon his employer. Thus it is that men and women at every stage and in every station of life are daily trying to convince and to persuade, and this is the sole aim of the debater. A subject, therefore, which demands the severest exercise of judgment, which forces one to write his clearest and tersest English, which necessitates the acquirement of a large store of useful information, which affords practice in the excellent art of oratory, which, in fine, cultivates all the powers of the mind, ought not to be neglected by any student to whom college education means true development.

W. A. BOLGER, '05.

The Making of a Poem.

A SYMPOSIUM.

Many things we see and enjoy without a thought of the "why" or "how" of their existence—the sun's rays are appreciated by all, but few are they who study the nature of light sensation. Many of those who find great pleasure in reading poetry seldom trace a poem from its source, examine the parts that go to make up the harmonious whole, grasp with the poet the spirit by which he was moved, and by separating the thought from the expression, appreciate thoroughly the mould that gave the thought its specific form. The inexperienced like to regard the poet as a divine artist, a priest of the Muses, who visit

him at irregular intervals and whisper to him songs that he need only repeat to charm others. Hence, they rarely wonder that a human being like themselves can express their own thoughts and feelings so beautifully, or give to their commonplace observations such an inspiring tone and coloring.

That a little study of the mechanical work required in the building of a poem helps the reader to a fuller enjoyment of the artist's work will not be denied. We do not all propose to be poets; but even to be able to appreciate adequately one who is, we should occasionally play with his tools. This practice, with such a purpose in view, the student at college gets when he tries his hand at a few lines of verse.

The conviction soon dawns upon him that there are at least two essential periods in the making of a good poem. First, a period of intense mental activity—inspiration, if you wish—when some external beauty or truth stimulates the peculiar disposition of the poet to express beautifully what he has seen or felt. This power of poetic conception is by no means common. It is as rare as the natural ear for music or the well-trained eye for color, and because only a few possess it in a high degree, we have only a few true poets.

Next comes the period of hard work which provides, in the rough, the material required. The general expression of the poem then must be delved for. There are few real poems dashed off before breakfast or between the sips of the ruby wine. No; the poet usually invites his soul to an unrestricted indulgence in this necessary cold, systematic shaping and chiselling. This latter part of the work is the natural complement of the other. A great many who possess true poetic genius but who lack the patience and diligence to shape and trim the expression of their thought, fail to write true poetry.

Thus it is that the lines which seem to sing you along with pleasure and delight are most probably not the spontaneous flow of an inspired priest, but upon inspection prove to be tried and well-tempered products of a mind at white heat aided by a willing hand at the bellows. The fairest lines are often those that come only after the most diligent labor.

In this manner the student comes to look on the true poem as the product of the united efforts of two forces. His own poorly scribbled lines should help to drive home the solemn truth that the material for the poem must exist

in the poet's mind; that no amount of labor can create poetic inspiration. The true poem, therefore, is the work of one who possesses in a high degree this poetic vein and a generous amount of patience to shape the rough product of his imagination into an artistic creation.

CORNELIUS J. HAGERTY, '05.

In the making of verse the prerequisite is the thought and then the metre, line, rime and stanza. In the making of a poem the same essentials are required plus many more. The thought, diction, in short, the whole production, should have that beauty and truth characteristic of a poem—not an easy task, to say the least. The Icelanders call their poets "song-smiths," and by these words convey a pretty fair idea of what a poet is, his mission and his labor. Few are the poets who can compose impromptu a good poem. The best of our poets have had their ebbs and tides at the will of the Muse. Let Minerva be unwilling and the poem is at an end—*i. e.*, the poem as distinguished from the mere jingling of rimes.

That critical moment when the inspiration begins to wane tells a tale in the making of a poem. From this point there is a flaw, a blemish, that does not escape the eye or censure of the skilled critic. When the poet becomes aware that he leads a shallow channel of thought, his first endeavor is, usually, to win back the Muse. In this, his success may be good or indifferent, and often is neither. Whatever it be, it leaves behind a perceptible trace,—a mark by which we can say of Byron's and Wordsworth's longer pieces, that they are full of what is good and what is bad. We do not necessarily imply that every poem has this. The *poeta natus* may have his genius under control and ever ready to call into action, but he is an exception. To this the less-gifted members of the singing fraternity can testify. This defect is to the poem what the blind spot is to vision. It does not form a part thereof no more than does a tack to the pneumatic tire; but when it makes its appearance it does so as a foe, obstinate and intangible, which the poet fears to encounter. Victory to the poet now means the completing of the work in the original spirit and form. If he can not do this, the cold type will emboss a blur that neither reputation can condone for, nor patient readers will pardon.

Should you happen to see a long-haired

man with a ream of foolscap before him, a goose-quill stuck behind his ear, and a vexed expression on his face, don't imagine him as "soaring from heaven to earth"—he may be discussing and cussing about the psychological break that is keeping him off the wing.

HENRY M. KEMPER, '05.

Often when attempting to write poetry I have wondered, in a fit of despair, how it was possible for one to accomplish such a herculean task, and I have prayed the Muse long and earnestly to endow me with the precious gift of composing even readable verse; but as yet my prayer remains unanswered. Although I am unable to turn out an invulnerable line, I propose to state how a poem is made; and in doing so, please remember that I am giving hints gleaned from hard, honest, personal experience.

In the first place we are told the bard must receive an inspiration to write, but as for myself, I have always been exempt from such attacks. The inspired writer, as I understand it, receives grand ideas, clothes these in elegant language and expresses them in correct metre as quickly as he can write them down. It is far different, however, with poetasters of my ilk, for we must manufacture each line with immense toil; we call up our pretty scenes and pictures only after a great wheedling of the imagination. The characters come tripping lightly over the page in the course of deep, painful study. Such work as this means a continual hammering and a laborious polishing. Then, perhaps, when the work is at last ready for dissection, we find, or more likely, others help us with the aid of the blue pencil, to discover "a woeful lack of unity," "an excessively generous amount of prosaic language," "erratic measures," "unmusical flow," "an alarming want of poetry, rime and good common sense." The utter failure of the poem is a distinct success, however, in producing this abundance of caustic criticism—the which I give you *gratis*.

The novice, naturally enough, should pay more attention to the rime than to thought, metre, beauty and color, which, after all, are only accidentals in the making of a poem. For really valuable hints about these and the essentials of the lines that will pass for art, I would recommend the aspiring poet to seek counsel, in all humility, from those who help real poets to have their names 'writ in water.

JAMES RECORD, '05.

Love's Might.

A little chubby hand
 On mother's loving lips:
 There is no stronger band
 Than a little chubby hand.
 And at each fresh demand,
 The parent fondly nips
 A little chubby hand
 On mother's loving lips. A. J. D.

Music on the Waters.

The sun casts a golden light over the tall pine trees which overlook a quiet lake. All is still, except some frog trying his voice if it be in tune for the evening serenade.

Two turtles, sitting with long-stretched necks on a log a little way out from shore, slip into the water with a gentle gurgle.

A sturdy farmer's lad in the near meadow is driving home the cows, and I hear his healthy shouts as he urges on the stragglers. A dog runs by his side and with a knowing bark assists his young master. Now they pass on, and I hear faintly the long lowing of the cows.

The sun has sunk lower and the sky is flushed a blood-red. The evening air freshens and with a soft murmur tosses the wavelets upon the shore.

A little farther up, two happy lads are sitting on the grassy bank. Their fat little legs, tanned by the hot sun, now dangle idly, now catch the kissing lap of the water. The sun sinks below the horizon, and the frogs begin their overture from the little bays along the shore.

But, hark! I hear a soft music. It grows clearer and sweeter as I approach. Now for a moment there is a pause, then a clear tenor rings over the water, filling the air with song. I try to stop and listen, but its sweetness draws me on.

The flush of the sky has melted into a soft shimmering twilight. The breeze grows quiet and stillness prevails. Only the singer's voice and the twang of a sweet guitar break the silence, but so gently and so softly, it seems that the winds and the rigid pines have hushed lest their music be not in harmony with the melody. As I gain the small creek which flows into the lake, the words of the song become more and more indistinct. The pale purple twilight fades into night, and the last faint notes of the distant singer melt into silence. EUGENE P. BURKE, '05.

At the Club.

A woman's club is popularly supposed to be a place which would compare very favorably with a saw-mill in action. I believe, however, that this is true only in the majority of cases, for I have seen a club,—all things considered, a model club—in which only one woman spoke at a time. Yet I must admit that none of the other members were listening, so anxious were they to speak themselves. The club was called the "Sans Souci." The day I happened to be present was set apart for the reading of the treasurer's report and for the consideration of financial matters in general. After the reading of the said report, one member slowly arose and in a frigid tone remarked that while she *might* be mistaken she thought that the treasurer's balance was incorrect. Whereupon, the treasurer bounded to her feet and sharply replied that her books were always open for investigation. She was evidently hurt by this indelicate insinuation, for she asserted, with an agitation that made the posies in her hand tremble, that 'certain members who might be better engaged at home than prying into other people's business, would do well to make sure about their opinions before they attempted to cast reflections on the fair name of one who had always done her best, though handicapped by overly inquisitive busy-bodies.' It was finally decided that the report was correct, because, as was aptly remarked by a kindly old dame, the treasurer was chosen especially on account of her accuracy in figuring. This was a convincing argument, so one member moved that a vote of thanks be offered for her care of the money and her devotion to the club's best interests. This motion was carried so unanimously that it did not require to be seconded. It was a more serious matter, however, to determine what should be done with the balance on hand. One party wished to give it all, \$18.45, to the New Home for Old Soldiers; but as this was a 'horrid' notion, another advised that it be given to advance the cause of prohibition. Still another thought that new rugs and furnishings might improve the appearance of the place and give to the club-house a more home-like air. A very flashily-dressed member said that if giving the money to swell the prohibition campaign fund would bring her husband home at a seasonable hour, she could conscientiously

advocate that disposition of the money. Her neighbor here arose and sneeringly remarked that so far as keeping the last speaker's husband sober,—why, she thought it quite beyond the aim and province of the club to start an asylum for inebriates. There was no supreme silence after this suggestion; but when things subsided, some one said that 'charity begins at home.' A very fussy middle-aged lady down in the corner then moved up a seat or two, and said that, if 'sayins were in order,' she would say that charity covers a multitude of sins. She arose after this suggestion, but flopped back quickly into her seat amid tremendous applause from her own faction and not a few scowls from the opposite side of the house. At this juncture, a motion to adjourn for a five-minute breathing spell barely presented a little diversion that wasn't on the program; and I remarked what a tranquillizing effect the fresh air had on that bevy of amiable women.

While they were taking this brief recess, I began to give the room a minute inspection. They had a well-festooned picture of 'Washington crossing the Delaware' hung up conspicuously, just opposite the entrance. Old George and myself, I imagine, were the only cool people in the room that day. An enlarged photograph bearing the twirly-whirly autograph of Susan B. Neddington struck my eye as did also Hetty Beam's. I observed with no little disappointment that Lyd E. A. Pinggam's face was not in honor there. Soft turkish rugs were scattered in profusion over the well-waxed floor; the desks and other furniture were in hard wood, hand-carved and of curious, antique patterns. In fact, everything in the room was so luxurious that I wondered what needed furnishings that lady had in mind when she proposed buying them; but I presume she did so because the notion of spending seemed to come natural to her,—being a woman.

After the five minute recess had grown into a full half hour a signal to reconvene was given, and most of the members began to flock, somewhat after the fashion of geese, into the convention-chamber. I had, long ere this, sufficient ocular evidence to suit my purpose. I certainly had an enjoyable experience there, and I don't regret that I am unable here to record the subsequent victories and defeats, the joys or woes, that made up the rest of that meeting at a model 'women's club.'

JOHN CAMPBELL, '05.

Grandpa Knows.

When all my tales I have told
Right well, in grandpa's lap I climb
To hear him tell brave tales of old;
Then, oh! how swiftly flies the time.

Bold deeds with jewelled sword of knight
For love of maidens fair I hear;
The horrid clash of armor bright—
'Twould shake the stoutest heart with fear.

I often cry with pure delight
At wrong avenged or fallen foe;
And all these tales I hear at night
Are true, for does not grandpa know?

Dear grandpa bows his snow-white head
When all his tales, at last, are spun.
"Ah! yes, I will ere long," he said,
"Meet those whose earthly strife is done."

J. R. R.

With Palestrina and Others.

I had always wished to go abroad, chiefly for the purpose of finishing my musical education. Finally, the opportunity did come my way. After I was graduated from the conservatory of music in my native city, my father made preparations for my course in Germany.

People say that an American is generally very lonesome when leaving his country; but I was quite the contrary. My heart could not have been lighter the night I stepped on board the steamer bound for the country of "poets, musicians and philosophers," and the pleasant journey thither did not help me to change a whit. During the day, I enjoyed very much to lean over the railing and watch the inhabitants of the deep vie with one another in their efforts to approach nearer the ship; but at evening my heart was naturally wrapt up in the concerts given by the ship's Symphony Club. These were certainly excellent and helped to make the voyage delightful.

I arrived at Berlin on Monday morning, just in time for the opening of the "Sacred Säng-erfest" at the cathedral. The cathedral is a magnificent building of white stone built in the shape of a cross. The clock in the tower was striking ten, so I entered the church. It was crowded with people. Everywhere I looked my eyes perceived hundreds of faces all aglow with expectation; but despite the fact that the church was crowded, the usher secured for me a very good seat. I placed myself and those about me in very uncomfortable positions by

endeavoring to see the different things in the church, just as a farmer does who comes to the city for the first time, when suddenly a bell rang in the rear of the church, and the clergy, followed by the bishop, entered. A deep and profound silence came over the people. Then a minor, the opening chord of Palestrina's Mass, was struck on the organ, and hardly had its echoes died away when from an hundred voices came the *Kyrie eleison*, which shook the walls and swayed those devout souls like a gentle breeze as it plays among the green reeds by a lonely lake. I seemed to be lifted from the earth and carried through the golden halls of heaven.

When the first part of the festival was finished, I found myself still on earth; but I was determined to meet the organist who had drawn such grand harmonies from the soul of the organ. He was descending from the organ loft, and though I had never seen him before, I knew he must be the organist. There was an indescribable something about him—whether it was his long gray hair or his beautiful, childlike face, I know not—which drew me, heart and soul, to him. I introduced myself, and who did he turn out to be but the director of the Conservatory of Music at which I intended to register as a student. I went down to the Music Hall with him and there made preparations to begin my course. I can not describe my feelings while receiving my first lesson.

I worked hard for two years and was then ready for graduation. I composed a piece for full orchestra; it was accepted by the faculty of the Conservatory, and my name was formally enrolled among the graduates. The day for the graduating exercises had arrived. I was to play Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." I stepped on the stage and seated myself at the piano, took a glance at the audience, struck the first chord and then—the deep bass voice of the regulator mingling with the high tenor notes of that old cracked cow-bell, forming what may truly be called "Lost Chords," how discordantly they fell on my musical ear! Would that they were of the same material of which dreams are made.

WALTER J. O'DONNELL, '05.

Spring's Potpourri.

The season of spring is the harvest
For many a newspaper quip,
For besides an abundance of weather,
It furnishes poets and—grippe! A. J. D.

The After-Glow.

Time will gild the memory
Of our present joys and fears
With a touch of gentle sweetness
That will calm our closing years.

J. P. O'R.

A Study in Purple.

Hallowed by the prayers of generations and rich in the precious relics of a godly race, an ancient chapel nestles at the foot of a sheltering hill. The stone exterior, over which the prolific ivy trustingly creeps, seems none the worse for its prolonged combat with the elements; the bell, cast so many years ago, rings out as musically and as regularly as when it summoned gallant knights and fair ladies to service. The lilac bushes at the entrance, in their effort to blossom and send forth their fragrance, suggest the close of the solemn season the Church is keeping.

The peace and repose that reign supreme within fill one with awe the moment the holy threshold is crossed. In the uncertain light of the breaking day every dark object appears to assume a purple hue as if to match the drapery of the statues. Only the Stations of the Cross are clearly discernible. The inscriptions on the memorial-slabs and on the stained-glass windows tell of powerful feudal lords, some of whom history records as prominent figures in the crusades.

The purple vestments of the sacred ministers, symbolizing penance, are of antique pattern, and deftly imbedded in the rich fabrics are many costly gems. The handsome marble altar, conspicuous on account of its elevation, is bare, save for a few lighted candles that cast faint, flickering shadows of the chalice and missal on the immaculate altar-cloth.

The glimmer of the sanctuary-lamp reveals the presence of an earthly sovereign accompanied by a few of his courtiers. Clothed in his royal purple, the king kneels at the shrine of his Lord and Master. For a few brief moments he has quit the exacting duties of state to pay homage to Him who rules over all.

I watched the gray twilight as it melted from azure blue into a deep purple, enveloping the earth like a shroud; this, in turn, became an inky darkness swallowing up the little chapel in its depths, J. R. RECORD, '05.

Evening.

The oxen are unhitched, the day's work done,
Soft chimes the evening from a leaf-hid spire;
Low hangs the rim of yonder carmine sun
On ocean's breast a weary weight of fire.

C. L. O'D.

Drifting.

It is evening. The June sun is set. Our rowboat slowly drifts down with the tranquil stream. The green isle just passed is fringed with rows of weeping willows, unmoved by the gentlest breeze. The boatman's children, weary from play since early morn, sleep in their hammock like two birds in a nest. At the door of his island cot, the father puffs leisurely at his pipe.

Half a mile away, a lake-bound steamer creeps down the channel. A thick black cloud of smoke, pouring from the stack, trails like some monster serpent in her wake. Not a soul stirs on deck. The ceaseless splash of the water-wheel is scarcely audible. She fades from sight. Our little boat languidly rises and falls on the rolling swells now come to us.

The full moon rises. The stars peep out. Naught is heard but the croaking frogs on the nearer shore. We drift to a quaint little cove that bids us a night full of rest.

W. BOLGER, '05.

The Student.

To many people the term 'student' stands for a fellow that attends college, is tall and lanky, of athletic build, rather handsome than intelligent in appearance, wears patent leather shoes, razor-creased, up-to-date trousers, a fashionable coat and vest, a rather "boisterous boiled" shirt, a lofty "fried" collar, set off by a "screechy" tie, and who glories in a full head of hair, carefully parted in the middle. This, of course, is not the proper notion of a real student, but it is the very type of a great number of youths that attend our colleges.

The student is essentially one who is devoted to study, it matters not in what subject. He is not necessarily a college-man; he may attend no school, and still he may be a student; for example, the student of nature, of plants, of animals, or of any one of the many things that can be studied without books or school training. The word student

comes from the Latin *studere*, to be eager, to be zealous, to pursue. It is natural that he who is eager or zealous about something will pursue it, will learn all that is possible to learn about it, and he who does this is a student.

Of those who attend schools or colleges we can easily pick out three well-defined types—the student who studies merely for the delight he takes in books or in being secluded from others; the student who studies for ornament's sake: that is to appear brilliant in 'discourse' or learned in this or that branch of science,—in a word, to be an intellectual peacock; and thirdly, the student who tries to elevate himself, morally and intellectually, and also to share with his neighbor the fruits of his learning for the purpose of elevating him also. This last is undoubtedly the true student. The man who studies for the delight he derives from study or to seclude himself from his fellowman, is a selfish being. He will cultivate the mind, but his heart dries up. The chief object of man should be the acquiring of solid virtue,—of virtue that does not exclude his fellowman. He who neglects this is a failure. His is a losing race. The man who studies to bring out strong and clear his resemblance to the great Creator is engaged in a noble pursuit. He knows the value of life, and his efforts bring him blissful returns.

The ideal student can be readily detected even in a very numerous crowd of men. He is above all a sociable being—at his books when he ought to be, and at play or recreation when he ought to be there. He is pre-eminently a respecter of authority, bearing well in mind the maxim "he who wishes to rule must first learn to obey." But this is not the chief reason why he obeys: he knows that this is one of the secrets of becoming a better man. He is by no means a scorner of sports. On the contrary, he takes a prominent part in them,—often proves to be one of the best athletes; and it is certainly regrettable that there are not more of his kind to help to brighten and make happy the college world.

H. B. MACCAULEY, '05.

For Colors and Tune.

When wood and field have heard the voice of
spring

And reawakening nature thrills my soul,

No tree, no floweret such raptures bring

As the sweet warblings of the oriole, J.W.C.

Women in Politics.

The ineptitude of the principles of "women's rights" becomes more and more apparent in proportion as they are developed by their twentieth-century advocates. There are many reasons,—good, sound, practical, moral reasons—why women should not take an active part in politics. It is true that politics are sadly in need of reform, but I am not prepared to admit that this reform is to be brought about by opening the field to the gentler sex. The past century has wrought many changes for womankind. Under the old common law she had no legal rights, was not recognized as a legal person, and her husband was held responsible for her acts. To-day, by statute, she is given the right to contract, the right to have a legal existence, and she now stands on almost an equal footing with man. After receiving all these advantages,—advantages which are in keeping with her nature—some who do not grace her kind are still unsatisfied, and now clamor for the right to enter the political field.

One of America's great philosophers holds that "woman was created to be a wife and a mother: that is her destiny. To that destiny all her instincts point, and for it nature has especially qualified her. She was born to be a queen in her own household, and to make home cheerful, bright and happy." And who denies this? Now if women are to divert themselves from this, their natural sphere, to enter politics, ostensibly for the purpose of bringing about a reform, it will be necessary that they acquaint themselves with all the issues of the day. They must solicit votes and visit the polls, they must enter the rostrum and fill the lobbies. All this is necessary that their influence may be exercised and felt. In doing this what is to become of the home? Who is to fill her throne as queen of the household? Our children would become actually motherless, and husbands would soon grow despondent; our homes would be destroyed, and the chaos that must follow would be beyond reform; for history teaches us that corrupt homes cause the rapid decay and, finally, the extinction of a nation.

Women can not fill the rôle of men and still retain their characteristic qualities. When they overstep the line and attempt to exercise the functions of both sexes, they lose their influence as women and are treated as men.

This terrible truth will not be fully realized at their first venture, for it is a gradual development, a process of evolution, which must take place if women are ever permitted to enter the political arena. Gradually would they lose those qualities of gentleness and refinement which now characterize them, and, finally, all those good, womanly traits which are the secret of their wonderful influence for good over men.

If women are given the right of franchise, the right to hold office follows as a natural consequence, for the right to vote implies a right and a certain fitness to govern. Think what this would mean, with women having a controlling hand, if such were possible, in the affairs of our government! These creatures, for the most part governed and determined by sentiment, would wish to fill the national, the state and the municipal offices; and if such a desire were satisfied, they would come in contact with men of all classes and conditions. Along with meeting the good, they would have to deal with men whose hands are stained with iniquity, and whose manners are the manners that make up a vulgar, criminal life. Such environments as these would act as a deadly poison on their noblest qualities.

The place for reform is in the home. The child of to-day is the man of to-morrow. Women were destined to reign with a reign of love over the children; to be with them constantly while these are young and helpless, and to instil in their hearts, by this companionship, qualities of truthfulness, of honor and of patriotism. If women can not accomplish this end in the home how are they to accomplish it in the world of men? If the influence of women is of no avail at the fireside, how can they exercise it in the rostrum or at the polls? If women do not possess these qualities necessary for the reform of the home, then it is their duty to cultivate them, and this can not be done in politics.

I do not believe that any radical changes have yet taken place in the nature of our women. They are still the inspirers of loyalty, the objects of our love and admiration. They are still true to those instincts which make them the guardians of our homes, and the mainsprings of our happiness. But if we are to tear them from the family circle and from all those environments without which they can not live, if we permit them to take an active part in politics, we help to destroy the home, which is the life of our nation.

F. J. LONERGAN, L. '04.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—Not without considerable reluctance do the literature men offer their daily themes to the public that has just been favored with the work of the regular board. We are aware that our number may suffer when compared with theirs, but again we would have you remember that the work we present is taken from the daily class exercises redressed a bit and then shoved into type, while theirs,—well, we are sure it was a little longer under the chisel. A cursory glance over our verse will satisfy anyone that the mantle of Milton or Keats has fallen on none of us; nor do we aim to establish a new school in fiction. In this latter department of literature, however, we have tried to steer clear of the he-and-she sentimental chaff; one reason, and that only a minor one, being that at present the market is glutted with that sort of stuff. If these daily exercises in verse and prose afford a half hour's pleasure to the SCHOLASTIC readers, this week's editors will consider their end achieved, and we trust that the Scientific Rhetoricians, who follow us, will do even more for you next week.

—Easter Sunday was not just what the milliners and others had hoped it would be, but it brought us the full quota of visitors. We noticed many new faces in the groups, here and there, on the University grounds, and we knew that many had come, among other reasons, to witness the Easter services at Notre Dame. These are as interesting as

they are beautiful, and seldom fail to impress upon all their deep significance. During the Solemn High Mass, at which Rev. Father French was celebrant, assisted by Rev. Fathers Regan and Gallagher, the Rev. President delivered an appropriate sermon in his usual vigorous, earnest manner on the Christian's devotion to duty. We always feel that the day is one of great rejoicing; and we know that it ushers in the cheerful season of pretty flowers and a wonderful variety of blithe singers that carol the livelong day.

—There is quite a number of students at the University who supplement their regular course by following some English class. This, of course, is not obligatory, for after passing the examination required by the catalogue, if their course is other than English, they are free to discontinue it or to take up any class in it that may be advantageous to them. It is evident that most students can improve in this most essential of all branches, and an hour spared daily for it will mean great profit in the end. Sound theories and a good, firm grip on one's language make the clever man, nowadays.

—The play given Easter Monday at this University is worthy of special notice. We would call attention to the fact that the actors and musicians were boys, all, perhaps, not more than sixteen years old—the majority much younger—and further that the play itself was not an easy comedy but a rather difficult melodrama; the action and the characters of the play were set for the days of Shakspeare. To interest boys of such an age in serious dramatic work is an undertaking worthy of sincere commendation. On this occasion they were seriously engaged and they did succeed nobly; but whether the young actors acquit themselves with credit or not, is a matter of little moment. The thing we admire is that they avoid the insipid, nauseating stuff which disgraces so many college stages and helps to degrade so many spectators. Here they are getting at the best in drama, working along the best lines of dramatic thought and action, and more than once they have favored us with Shaksperian plays. We believe that in doing this the Philopatrians are unique as a society of amateur actors, and so long as they keep to their high aim they will meet with the heartiest appreciation.

Oberlin Defeated in Debate.

We have met Oberlin and they are ours. On the evening of Saturday, the 11th, our representatives defeated Oberlin's team in debate; and the glory of the victory is enhanced by the remembrance of the facts that it was won on Oberlin ground, that Oberlin proposed the subject and had the choice of sides, and that in the matter of judges the choice still rested with Oberlin. The Ohio college, which has for a long time held an enviable place in debate, was represented by an unusually strong team, imbued with the universal Oberlin sentiment that defeat by Notre Dame was of the remotest possibility. To defeat such men under such conditions was a victory indeed, and our debaters deserve all the thanks and praise we can give them. The division of the judges, two to one in favor of Notre Dame, shows how narrow was the margin by which we won; and we have no hesitancy in admitting that never was Notre Dame called on to make a harder fight for victory in debate. All honor to the men who made the fight and won the victory!

The debate was held in the Oberlin First Church, a building not quite so large as that in which our men held their preliminary contest, with the seats arranged somewhat on the plan of those in an amphitheatre. The interior of the building was profusely decorated with the Crimson and Gold of Oberlin and the Gold and Blue of Notre Dame; a large Notre Dame pennant occupied the place of honor, the centre of the section back of the platform. Nearly every seat in the house was filled when, at seven o'clock, the Oberlin leader faced his band of two hundred lusty rooters packed close together row after row directly in front of the speakers, and gave the signal for the first "Hi-O-Hi." This was followed by a conscientious effort to give the "U. N. D." The bards of Oberlin had composed special songs in our honor; and they sang them joyously, proclaiming in advance the victory they so confidently expected.

The subject of debate was: "Resolved, That the United States should not retain permanent control of the Philippines." Notre Dame defended the negative of this proposition, thereby advocating permanent retention of the islands.

Notre Dame was represented by B. V. Kanaley, G. A. Farabaugh and M. F. Griffin, all members of the class of '04. These men have been so prominent in Notre Dame affairs, and their skill in debate has been so often commended in the SCHOLASTIC that no description of their methods is necessary here; suffice it to say that their work at Oberlin surpassed all their previous efforts. As orators they towered above their opponents. For the victory they won, they individually deserve equal credit. Farabaugh was easy and confident, and brought out his arguments forcibly; Griffin's earnest delivery, impressive and oratorical at all times, had an added touch of fire and spirit that made his presentation of the argument of assimilation one of the strongest points in Notre Dame's debate; Kanaley, three times leader of Notre Dame's victorious teams, was irresistible; his characteristic vim won the audience to him at once, and his appeal to the sympathy of his hearers on behalf of those who died in the Filipino cause was most effective. P. W. O'Grady, alternate, sat with the team on the stage, and assisted them in the preparation of their rebuttals.

The Oberlin team was composed of C. R. Cross, M. F. Parmelee and F. C. Van Cleef. These three young men are strong debaters, and we honor them for the stubborn fight they made. Defeat for Notre Dame would have lost much of its sting received at the hands of such worthy opponents. We would give special praise to the final rebuttal made by C. R. Cross. He started on his final effort with the evident intention of sweeping the boards; and the clearness and logic with which he attacked point after point in the Notre Dame argument gave full justification to the one judge who opposed Notre Dame for voting as he did.

At 7:30, the chairman, Professor A. S. Root, introduced the judges—Superintendent Chalmers of the Public Schools of Toledo, Hon. M. P. Mooney of Cleveland, and Judge A. R. Webber of the Circuit Court of Elyria.

The line of argument adopted by the affirmative and negative was briefly as follows. For Oberlin: Mr. Cross affirmed that the Filipinos possess great capabilities for self-government, and have a strong and ever-increasing desire for independence; Mr. Parmelee, continuing the argument, said that permanent retention of the islands by the United States would be a great detriment to

the Filipino people; Mr. Van Cleef, presenting the commercial and political argument, showed that permanent retention of the islands would work great injury to the United States. In opposition to this the Notre Dame speakers set up the following line of argument: Mr. Farabaugh pictured the present condition of the Filipinos, and showed that just now they are incapable of exercising any great degree of self-government, and concluded that from the standpoint of both the Filipino and the American it is absolutely necessary that for the present the United States should retain control of the islands; Mr. Griffin dealt with future conditions in the islands; he stated that certain forces are now at work in the islands which will bring about great changes in the Filipino people, and that by gradual development the Filipinos will become thoroughly Americanized and will ultimately demand that they may be retained as an integral part of our country; Mr. Kanaley argued that since the Filipinos themselves demand to be retained by us, the only question to be investigated is, whether their retention will be desirable from an American standpoint; and he showed that they not only will not do us any harm either politically or socially, but that economically they will prove of great practical benefit to us.

Notre Dame's line of argument seemed to be something of a surprise to the Oberlin debaters. Mr. Farabaugh's description of present conditions in the islands led them into the admission that present retention of the islands is entirely justifiable, and made them hinge their whole argument on the word "permanent," thereby doing away with all question as to how the islands were acquired and whether we now hold them rightfully. The doctrine of assimilation, ably expounded by Mr. Griffin, they failed completely to meet; and Mr. Kanaley's open advocacy of ultimate statehood for the islands made useless some of the affirmative's strong arguments based on the colonial-retention plan which they expected the negative to outline.

On rebuttal, Mr. Griffin completely demolished the argument that the Philippines would be of no use to us because they could not be colonized by white men. Mr. Kanaley rebutted the commercial and political arguments; and Mr. Farabaugh showed that retention of the islands was not opposed to our past policy and was no abrogation of the Monroe Doctrine. The affirmative exploited an apparent incon-

sistency in the arguments of Mr. Farabaugh and Mr. Griffin, which Mr. Farabaugh in his rebuttal explained satisfactorily. For Oberlin, the first two rebuttal speeches failed to discover any serious flaws in the reasoning of the Notre Dame men; and then, with no one to come after him, and no fear of being refuted or challenged in any of his statements, Mr. Cross summed up the debate from an Oberlin standpoint and attacked the Notre Dame position with alarming energy. His rebuttal speech was the best piece of work of the evening for Oberlin; but it failed to destroy in the minds of the judges the favorable impression made by the Notre Dame men throughout the whole of the contest.

While the judges were preparing their decision, the Oberlin Glee Club rendered several selections. Their excellent work almost made us break the Tenth Commandment; most certainly we wish we had a club just like Oberlin's, since it is not permitted us to desire the Oberlin club itself. When the verdict was announced, the applause of the Oberlin supporters came generously for the victors in the contest. Throughout the debate the audience was most liberal, and every point scored by the Notre Dame men was applauded.

The members of the team are loud in their praise of the treatment accorded them. Especially our thanks are due to the management and students of the Webster House for many kindnesses shown our representatives.

Much of the credit for the victory is due to Prof. F. E. Hering for invaluable assistance rendered the debaters in preparing for the contest. To Professor D. P. Murphy for his untiring efforts in their behalf and his counsel and advice, the gentlemen of the team express their thanks.

In conclusion we give the Notre Dame version of one of Oberlin's songs, which was sung to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia."

We were all the way to Oberlin
To meet them in debate;
We had crossed the western border
Of that Yellowhammer State:
Ere we returned to Hoosierdom,
They mourned that awful date
When we discovered poor Oberlin.
Oh me! Oh my! They'll
Raise no mighty shout;
The N. D. U. has put all
Hope to rout;
So wake their slumbering orators
And tell them all about
How our debate team won victory.

HENRY E. BROWN.

Easter Monday's Entertainment.

To the students of Notre Dame one of the most pleasing events of the year is the play given by the Philopatrian Society. On last Monday these little fellows, drilled almost to perfection by Professor Dickson and ably assisted by their popular Director, Brother Cyprian, C. S. C., presented the melodrama "Master Skylark." That their efforts were appreciated was fully demonstrated by the repeated applause from the audience.

Master Skylark was dramatized for the Philopatrian Society by Professor John Lane

Attorney George E. Clarke of South Bend, assumed the important part of Nicholas Attwood or Master Skylark. It was his first appearance on the stage at Notre Dame, but he played the difficult rôle very creditably. His was a very difficult part to sustain for so long a time; but the youngster never winced under his burden. His naturalness throughout the entire play and his winning ways brought forth many rounds of applause from the audience.

The play was a success from every point of view. Many of these little fellows would make older and more experienced actors look sharp to their laurels. The scenery was well



PHILOPATRIAN ORCHESTRA.

O'Connor from Mr. John Bennet's novel of the same title. Mr. O'Connor is well remembered by the students of Notre Dame as a former professor of elocution. His interest in the society induced him to take upon himself this onerous yet pleasant task, in which he has succeeded admirably. His facile pen let slip not one salient point of the novel, catching the instinct and spirit of the author throughout.

Of the excellent work of the actors, too much could not be said. The cast was well chosen, for each of the players showed special talents which aptly fitted him for the rôle he carried.

Master M. G. Clarke, son of Prosecuting

selected and the costumes and general make-ups were so strikingly good that Queen Bess and Wm. Shakspeare might have been glad to be with us Monday afternoon. The Maypole Dance showed the wonderful grace and careful training of those who took part in it. It was one of the features of the performance.

The music was especially well rendered. Mr. Petersen and his apt pupils are to be commended for the pleasure they added to the entertainment. The members of the orchestra—all of whom are Philopatrians, possess unusual ability in the musical line.

The appreciation on the part of the audience never flagged during the performance, because

Ambassadors, Courtiers, Citizens, etc.

J. J. MEYERS, '05.

Batteries—Notre Dame, Hogan, Higgins and Doar;
South Bend—Schaefer and Outcalt.

CARROLL—5 2 0 2 3 2 2=17 9 2

CORBY—2 0 0 0 1 3 1= 7 6 8

BROWNSON—3 0 8 3 0=14 12 0

HOLY CROSS—0 0 0 0 5= 5 2 6

CARROLL-3 4 2 5 0 3 4 0 *=2I 13 4

ELKHART—0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0=2 1 13

Notre Dame									
Shaughnessy, c f	4	2	2	1	0	0	0	2	0
Stephan, 1st	4	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0
O'Connor, 3d	4	1	1	2	6	1	0	0	0
Gage, 2d	4	0	2	2	2	0	0	0	0
Doar, c	4	0	1	4	1	0	0	0	0
Salmon, l f	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Geoghegan, ss	4	0	2	1	2	0	0	0	0
R. Stephan, r f	4	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0
Higgins, p	4	0	0	0	4	1	0	0	0

Totals	36	4	9	24	16	4	0	3	0
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Notre Dame—0 0 2 0 0 0 0 2 0=4 0 4

South Bend—0 0 0 2 2 2. 0 0 * \equiv 6 4 3

Sorin won their first game Thursday by defeating the St. Joseph team in a fast game. The heavy hitters from Sorin had no trouble with Sherry, while Stephan only allowed St. Joe five hits. Score.

SORIN—1 0 4 1 0 3 4=13 15 1

ST. JOE—0 0 0 3 0 0 0=3 5 5

Won	Lost	Per. cent
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Brownson	I	0	1.000
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Sorin	I	O	1.000
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Carroll	I	0	1.000
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St. Joseph	0	I	.000
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Holy Cross	0	1	.000
Garber	0	1	.000

Corby 0 1 .000
I. B. O'Brien

J. P. O'REILLY, '05.

—Mr. M. C. Quinn, of Beacon, Michigan, Misses Emma and Alice Quinn and Louise Persons of the Academy of Our Lady of Longood, Ill. visited here Thursday and Friday with C. K. Quinn of Brownson Hall.

—It would be impossible to recall in this brief space the many pleasant visits we received at Easter time. Many of the students entertained their parents and other relations; and all of us were no doubt delighted by the many smiling faces that were in evidence at the University.

—We regret to chronicle the death of Mrs. James Sadlier, a noted American essayist and clever story-writer. She was one of Notre

Dame's Lætare Medalists. She was especially dear to the young folks, and many a household will miss her fluent pen. In all her many works she was prompted by a steady purpose of uplifting her race and of advancing the interests of our holy faith. Her beautiful life came to a fitting close at Montreal, Canada, April 5.

—Mr. James D. Barry, a graduate and former Professor of Notre Dame, writes very entertainingly to his brother from Balavan, P. I. It seems that he is the only white man in the town. One would judge that under the circumstances in which Mr. Barry finds himself, life there for an American is not the brightest, but maybe after some years have tested our civilizing process the prospects will be more promising.

—The *Catholic Union and Times* of Buffalo, N. Y., had an Easter edition of which its staff should justly feel proud. This paper is noted for its bright, interesting make-up, and deserves to rank high among the best Catholic journals of our country. The editor, Reverend Father Cronin, evidently understands what is required to make a good paper, and he has the push and energy to put his ideas into effect. Such men as Father Cronin can not live too long, for the noble work they are engaged in needs their best and longest days.

Local Items.

LOVE AND FEAR.

I asked of a blithe-singing swallow,
The secret inspiring her song:
"Is the joy in your life ever constant;
Does a swallow ne'er suffer a wrong?"

I followed her e'en to her dwelling,
A queer little fortress of clay;
And I saw in its quiet seclusion
The source of her jubilant lay.

Three little featherless swallows
Squeaked from their snug, cosy nest,
And the chattering wild of the mother
Told of the fear in her breast.

Now I had learned that the swallow
Had her wrongs, her troubles and fear;
And I hurried away from her nestlings
If again the glad song I might hear.

E. P. B.

—FOUND: A fountain-pen and a gold ring on the Minims' campus. Owners may have same by calling on Pro. Cajetan.

—We have now, to complete our own "Lake Shore" RR., a real snug little station which we might justly call "The Lakeside." The freight at Notre Dame has always been considerable, making it necessary to have a

receiving depot of this kind at the end of our little line.

—Improvement is the word at Notre Dame. Our lawns are cut up once more for the placing of the underground electrical wires for the arc-lights. We will soon be able to steal a few hours from the night.

—The *Ave Maria* printing department will soon be operated entirely by electrical power instead of steam. Two brand-new motors have already been placed in the press-rooms. They will facilitate the work here, but we doubt whether they can furnish the issues any livelier than at present, for the *Ave Maria* people under any and all circumstances are always ahead of the demand.

—We may be anticipating, but we can not withhold the gladsome news of the near re-opening of Corby Hall chapel. This long-looked-for event will be marked by grand solemnities of which a later number of the SCHOLASTIC will give full details. If the Corbyites have shown themselves ambitious as students, they have also proved themselves grateful and dutiful as Catholics. When completed, a good round sum of money will have been well spent in making Corby Hall chapel perhaps the nicest at Notre Dame.

—ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT.—Prof. Green gratefully acknowledges the following donations:

Northern Electric Co., Chicago: a number of sample parts of small motors.

Christensen Engineering Co., Milwaukee, Wis.: Corc discs and formed armature coils.

Miller Knoblock Co., South Bend, Ind. (through Mr. W. T. Sewertsen): A lot of armature coils for standard machines and a collection of commutator segments.

Mr. A. A. Serva of the Ft. Wayne Electric Co. has sent an A. C. desk fan motor of the latest type.

—Regularly, twice a week, the Glee Club holds its meetings in the band room, Washington Hall. From twenty-five to thirty enthusiastic members are regular attendants. Several songs have already been mastered, and the music committee have announced that more will be soon on hand ready for rehearsal. Professor Petersen and the officers of the club are to be congratulated upon the success which they have made of the organization. We can be sure that if the interest continues which has so far been manifested, the club will frequently make its appearance at University functions and add materially to their success and to the enjoyment of all who may attend.

Such a club is needed at Notre Dame. It helps to bring cheer into our daily life. It should and will be encouraged.